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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

Communicated.

We are often told of millions of drunkards:
of thousands killed by intemperance: of fami-
lies innumerable destroyed by alcohol. But the
immensity of the statement, destroys vividness
of impression and feeling. The tale of a
single wounded soldier, awakens more sympathy
than the bare statistics of a thousand battle
fields. The following brief outline is there-
fore given to the public, in the hope of exciting
an interest in the drunkard's sufferings; and
illustrating the character of those who entice
him to destruction. This narrative is strictly
true. The facts detailed were furnished, either
by the subject of the narrative himself, or by
his wife; and are corroborated by persons of the
first standing in the city of Hartford, where
nearly all the scenes described, took place.

William — was a young man of su-
perior native talents. With few advantages
of education, he had mastered the science of
chemistry, and had delivered public lectures,
with success. He was also gifted with a pecu-
liarly lively disposition, attractive social qual-
ities, and remarkable conversational powers.
His salary was ample, his domestic relations
were delightful, and his future prospects brilli-
ant with hope.

His superior information, and conversational
talent, drew around him a large circle of ac-
quaintance. Their invitations drew him, at
first, occasionally; next, frequently;—and
then habitually, from his own evening fireside.
Those were days when the glass was circulated
in the assemblage of friends. This custom
was duly observed in the circles which he fre-
quented. His own social qualities, and com-
pliance with common civilities, induced him to
partake of the enlivening beverage, with mod-
eration. But who is proof against the insidi-
ous power of temptation? It cooled itself in the
bosom of angels of light, and they fell. It in-
stilled itself into Eden, and our once holy pro-
genitors sinned. So, ere this youth of talent
and loveliness was aware of danger, and the
process of ruin by which millions have been
lost, had carried him far towards that fearful
precipice, where moderate drinking terminates
in the gulf of hopeless, and habitual intem-
perance.

The steps of the process need not here be
repeated. Terrible as they are, familiarity has
almost deprived them of interest. But who
can tell the emotions of a refined and affec-
tionate wife, when the terrible truth is forced
on her knowledge, that her husband is a drunk-
ard; that years of wretchedness, hopeless dis-
appointment and shame, are to take the place of
those glad scenes of domestic happiness, with
which anticipation had crowded the future.—
Who can describe the scenes of anguish, the
days of withering grief, the nights of sleep-
less woe, in that house, when the brilliant man,
the affectionate husband, became the slave of
intemperance.

His habits were followed by the inevitable
consequences,—gradual loss of business—loss
of respectability—loss of property—abandon-
ment of friends—ruin of character—loss of
self respect,—and open, confirmed, street-
drunkenness. When this last stage of the
dreadful process was reached, the occasional
sober moments of this infatuated man were
seasons of intense wretchedness. He would
throw himself at the feet of his wife, implore
her forgiveness with tears of anguish, curse his
own folly and weakness, and religiously resolve
to abstain wholly from the accursed beverage.
But it has been said by one, who having been
once a drunkard, and had escaped so by fire,
"that if there is in the universe any pain worse
than the torments of the damned, it is the un-
satisfied cravings of the drunkard's appetite."
So this miserable man found it. When he
passed the shops where the liquor was display-
ed for sale, the sight of it, awakened and goun-
ded these terrible cravings, and produced a
species of phrenzy. He would madly rush in,
and drink till conscience was stupefied, and
self respect destroyed. Or if sometimes able
to resist temptation, his associates in intem-
perance would rush out to entice him to their
haunts, when their mingled urgency and
sneers, with the sight and smell of the fatal
draught, would overpower his resolution, and
he would return "like a dog to his vomit."

Sensible at length of his own weakness,
goaded by shame and remorse, and influenced
by feelings alike honorable to his head and
heart, he resolved to place himself beyond the
reach of temptation. For this purpose he
found a temperance ship, proceeding on a long
voyage, and although unacquainted with the
duties of a sailor and unaccustomed to such
hardships as a seaman's life imposes, he pro-
ceeded employment before the mast. He was
about nineteen months, and endured much
privation, but his object was accomplished.—
During that long period he tasted no liquor,
and returned with his appetite for strong drink,
apparently extinct. Both he and his wife,
were once more happy in each other's love,

and buoyant with the hope of many years yet
to come, gladdened with all their former hap-
piness.

For a few months, these hopes were realized.
But in an evil hour, he met one of his former
associates. Some refreshment was proposed,
but declined. It was urged, but still declined.
Argument and appeal to friendship were then
tried, yet in vain. He seemed to have passed
the crisis, and to be safe. But the tempter had
one more resource. He went out, brought in
some cider, and induced him, just by way of
compliment to put the glass to his lips. That
insane taste was like applying the match to
gunpowder. At once, the dormant appetite
sprang to life, in gigantic strength. He tasted
again. Half crazed by the excitement, and his
revived cravings, he drank deeper—and on
that very day, was drunk. Shame and despair,
made him reckless. That one taste hurled
him back to the ruin of intoxication, in which
he wallowed daily. Once more the fiend in-
temperance entered his dwelling, and like
Moloch, feasted on the anguish of broken
hearts, and on the ruins of that domestic hap-
piness which he had dashed in pieces. Such
was the mysterious power, which this vice had
over him, through its physical effects on his
stomach, that the sight of liquor destroyed his
power of self control. With a perfect knowl-
edge of the terrible consequences of the
draught, yet as if driven on by some evil gen-
ius, he seized and drank it.

Yet once more, this spell bound victim of
intemperance determined, if possible to shake
off this giant vice, whose terrible grasp, had
thrice torn him from happiness and home.—
He went voluntarily to some public institution
in Rhode Island, where the inmates were sub-
ject to severe restraint, and put himself under
its compulsory power, that walls and iron gates,
might be placed between him and rum. For
five months he remained in this asylum, with-
out taking any alcoholic drink. Supposing
his appetite to be subdued by this long abstin-
ence, and by the bitter experience of past
weakness and horror,—he once more returned
to society. He engaged in an honest but
humble occupation, with an express stipula-
tion, that no temptations to intemperance
should in any way be placed before him.—
Though greatly reduced in circumstances, yet
he was happy because he was temperate. For
many months his appetite was kept in subjec-
tion; his power of self control became more
fixed: he hoped, and his trembling, fearing,
but ever affectionate wife, hoped, that his
chains were broken. He was poor, but sober
and industrious. He was reduced, but his
talents could again win their way to respect
and competency. The storm had been terri-
ble, and had shattered their fair bark,—but the
clouds were scattered, the sun rose brightly,
and hope again gladdened their hearts.

The laws, by express license, plant and pro-
tect on every corner, grog-shops, those "cham-
bers of death." The keepers spared no pains
to ensnare him again. But without detailing
the arts, by which he was once more enticed
within their doors, it is sufficient to say, that
he entered. He fell. He fell lower than be-
fore. He was idle as well as intemperate.—
Any thing within his power, he would freely
give, to procure the means of allaying the in-
satiable thirst of his diseased appetite. Books
and furniture—small as was the supply for the
necessities of his family, were carried to the
grog-shop and pawned for rum. On one oc-
casion he stripped off his coat, pledged it for
a dram, and went home through a wintry
storm, half naked and drunk. His wife,
though in feeble health, was compelled to sup-
port both him and her children, by the product
of her needle; often with her hard earnings,
has she to prevent nudity, redeemed articles
of apparel which her own hands had furnish-
ed her husband, but which he had pledged for
liquor at the dram-shops. How different from
what he was, when intelligent, respectable,
and high-minded, he first introduced his bride
to his own pleasant home. It ought however
to be stated, that although his habits, occasion-
ed the keenest distress to his family, yet his
personal deportment was invariably kind. So
far from being harsh and abusive, his conduct
at home was studiously affectionate, even at
the worst stage of his course.

He came home one evening sober. He sat
down in silence, and looked around on his
dwelling, always kept with neatness, but wear-
ing sad indications of penury. "Emma,"
said he, "can you forgive me? You ought to
hate me. I would not bear with any one as
you do with me."

Oh William, I do forgive you. But dear
husband, will you not try once more to shake
off this deadly habit? For me—for our
children—for your soul's sake, try."

The wretched man sat bathed in tears.—
The thought of what he had been, contrasted
with what he was, shook his frame convulsively.
At length he said, "I shall soon kill my-
self and you, in my present course: I will try
once more to be a man."

The next day he went to the "Insane Re-
treat,"—stated his case to the medical super-
intendent, described the dreadful physical suf-
ferings which hurried him on to a vice which
he loathed,—together with the malicious en-
ticements and persuasions of the sellers of
rum, to overcome his efforts at reformation:—
and earnestly begged admission into the con-
finement and restraints of the Institution, that
he might be kept from the presence of tem-
ptation. But the nature of the establishment
forbade his reception. He then went voluntarily
to the County Jail, and made an arrangement
by which he should be locked up in its cells,
and be subjected to all the labor and confinement
of the prison. He was as anxious to extricate
himself from the grasp of this vice, as he
would be to shake off a viper. His wife paid
for his board, from her own scanty earnings;—

By his own request, he was detained there, till
his demon appetite seemed to be dispossessed,
and he could venture once more to liberty and
employment.

Soon after his release, he obtained some
business. By a singular fatality, he was placed
at work in the very house in which a grog-shop
was kept, and the very shop whence he had
formerly obtained his supplies of liquor. The
keeper of the establishment soon perceived
him, "clothed, and in his right mind." Eying
him as the "archangel ruined," gazed with
mingled envy and malice on the bliss of para-
dise, he determined to entangle his victim once
more in his toils. He addressed him with
kindness, professed great pleasure at meeting
him again, and invited him into the shop, to
take a glass, for old acquaintance sake.

"No: I've determined never more to taste
it. In that cursed shop, I've been ruined."

"Oh ho: so you've turned cold water man,
and signed the pledge. I wouldn't be such a
fool as to acknowledge, that I couldn't take
care of myself. You'll set up for a reformed
drunkard now, and make speeches, heh."

"No, I've taken no pledge; but I've prom-
ised my wife that I would take no more."

"Ah, under petticoat government! afraid
of your wife! Well, well, I'm master in my
own house, by ——. I should like to see
the woman that dared hen-peck me in that
way. Why ——, you used to be some-
thing of a man; but this cold water system
has made a fool of you: Your wife had bet-
ter put a bonnet on you."

"No,—no: but I have almost broken her
heart already. I'll not touch your poison."

"Broken her heart!! nonsense: that's the
way they talk, when they wish to carry their
points. You're afraid. You dare't take
a glass, for fear of your wife. Come, I'll test
you."

The tempter went out, and soon returned
with some liquor: With a tact, worthy of an
older fiend, he placed the cup where he could
not avoid the sight and smell. "There, I
don't believe you dare touch that glass. I'll
take a sip. I can take care of myself and
make my wife keep her own place." The
seller began to drink. His victim looked: he
could not avoid the smell. The seller ridicu-
led him:—taunted him:—defied him. The
poor man thought he would taste to get rid of
his tormenter, or to show his power of self
control. But the sequel to that single taste
may easily be imagined. He spent the rest
of the day in the grog shop; and went home
in the evening, drunk. With this relapse,
despair, seemed to take possession of him.
He appeared to court destruction: made no
attempt to labor—made no exertion except to
obtain liquor—spent nearly all his time in
grog shops:—and was employed by the keep-
ers in menial services, for which they paid
him in rum. His history during this period,
would be but the trite yet terrible narrative
of a drunkard's misery, and a drunkard's
degradation.

Yet occasionally, his better feelings would
gain the mastery. "Emma," said he one
evening, "I shall soon kill myself in this
course. I cannot endure this misery. Will
you, can you, help me, if I will attempt to
reform."

"Certainly."

"I will then shut myself up in that room,
and not leave it till I have got over this
dreadful appetite which possesses me like a
demon."

He made the trial. But for several days,
his sufferings were excruciating. His shatter-
ed nerve:—his gnawing, tormenting thirst:—
the bitter and maddening thoughts of his
own mind, filled him with agony. Yet de-
termined to gain the victory, he kept his
room; and even with his own hand stuffed
the bed clothes into his mouth, to stifle his
own groans and shrieks. He persevered,
till his partial delirium disappeared, his health-
ful appetite returned, and he ventured forth.
But the harpies of the grog shop, as if guided
and aided by the father of all evil, dogged
his footsteps: they flattered him: enjoyed
him: taunted him; and pointed at him. In
short, within a brief period, he was again
drunk. "I can't help it, I'm lost," was his
despairing exclamation: he gave himself up
to inebriation: total, habitual inebriation.

His wife, went to one of those haunts,
where his time was mostly spent, and finding
him there, she appealed in his presence, to
the keeper of the shop. "You know that
what you sell to that unhappy man, is de-
stroying him. It is destroying me also, and
my family. My health is failing under the
grief and toil which his intemperance lays
upon me. Oh, have mercy on him; on me;
and on my children." The ruined husband
sat, bathed in tears and sobbing aloud, yet
spell bound. He seemed as unable to extri-
cate himself from the terrible grasp of vice,
as to struggle with a fever, or to throw off the
plague. But the relentless dealer gazed on
his degradation, and his wife's tears, un-
moved. He only replied,—"you shall
have just as much liquor in my shop, as you
will pay for."

The desponding wife, made another effort.
She took her little son, with her, and went to
several similar establishments frequented by
her husband: she explained to the dealers his
situation: told the story of her sufferings:
and besought them with such tears as one in
her situation only could shed, to furnish him
no longer with the means of destruction.—
Some laughed at her: others insulted her:
and all continued to supply him with liquor.
They even received in pawn rum, articles
which he took from his own scantily furnish-
ed home. They went further: they jeered
at him for silly submission to his wife: and
even enticed him to drink the more by ridicul-
ing his fears of petticoat government.

Yet again, and again, many times, did this
unhappy man, during the last summer of his
life, make efforts at self reformation. He
would shut himself in his room: and for a
week endure the unspeakable horrors, of partial
delirium, unsatisfied cravings, torturing
remorse, and conscious guilt. When thus
voluntarily confined at home, in these solitary
struggles to overcome his formidable appetite,
the dealers in liquor, would call under the
pretense of friendship to inquire for his health.
He begged his wife not to allow them to
enter the door. "Turn them out: turn them
out," he cried, if he heard their footsteps.
Yet, when able to go abroad, they would again
contrive to drag him into their toils; and send
him home drunk.

He made at length, his last effort at refor-
mation. He went to a physician, stated his
case, and begged to know if anything could
be done for him. "Only undertake my case,
I will take any thing, do any thing, you may
direct: you may confine me, or do any thing
you choose with me: only deliver me from this
horrible appetite. I dread the commis-
sion of suicide, yet I had rather die than live
in this state longer. There is such intense
and unutterable torment in my stomach, that
while I am at liberty, if I knew that the glass
I put to my lips would kill me in half an
hour, I should drink it. Oh, sir: you do not
know: no one can know, what I suffer. My
deliverance is impossible so long as I remain,
where liquor is to be had." Such was his
pathetic appeal. But the physician soon as-
certained that no means within his power
could reach his case.

He then resolved to leave his old haunts; to
break away from his acquaintance and tempt-
ers, and find some residence, if possible,
where no intoxicating drinks were sold and
given. While on his way to Enfield to ob-
tain a residence among the Quakers, he was
provisionally met by a gentleman, who offered
him a situation in a manufacturing estab-
lishment, where no liquor was allowed, and
in the neighborhood of which none was sold.
The proposal was most joyfully accepted.
Here, at a distance from temptation, and
among friends who seconded his good resolu-
tions, he was industrious, sober and happy.
Hope returned to his heart. He began to
feel once more, the long lost, and elevating
consciousness of manhood and morality. His
home, so long a house of mourning:—where
"tears had been their meat, day and night:"
was once more lighted up with love, confi-
dence and joy.

After a considerable interval, he returned
to Hartford, to attend to some business, and
with a view of making arrangements for re-
moving his family to his new found home of
sobriety and peace. But alas for the sequel!
He passed that fatal spot, where his old asso-
ciates and tempters to sin, were congregated.
They saw him. Like vultures for their prey,
they pounced upon him. They knew the
dreadful secret of his weakness, and plied
him skillfully. Again, and for the last time,
he fell. Awakening as from a terrible dream,—
fully aware of the extent of his ruin and de-
gradation,—half maddened by the stinging
consciousness of his debasement, he met a con-
stable, who upbraided him severely, and
threatened him with confinement at the work-
house.

He resolved to live no longer. When he
reached his dwelling he said to his wife, "it
is all over with me now. I have forfeited my
place at S. and these taunts of the constable
I cannot endure. I have met them for the
last time." He conversed with his wife and
children in the most affecting manner. With
tears, he entreated their forgiveness for all his
abuse of their love: he besought his wife not
to remember him with hatred: he bade his
children take warning by his sad history: and
told them to love their mother, to obey her
when they were young, and to support her in
comfort when they should grow up. His
manner affected them all, and yet they sup-
posed his conversation to be preparatory to
his approaching departure on Monday.

After this interview, he alluded to his fa-
tigue, and went into another room for repose.
He then swallowed two ounces of laudanum
which he had procured for the purpose, and
threw himself on the bed. One or two hours
elapsed ere the fatal deed was discovered.
The remedies then applied were ineffectual.
With his last consciousness, he declared that
he had rather meet his God, than endure the
life of horror, and temptation from which no
escape seemed possible for him, but death.
Before midnight, he was a corpse.

On the morning after his death, one who had
often sold him rum, called to see the lifeless re-
mains of him whom his own hand had helped to
slay. His heart-broken wife took him silently
to the room where the body lay, and opening
the door said: "There is the victim of your
trade: Behold the consequences of what you
have done. You have murdered my husband
as truly as if you had stabbed him to the
heart." Conscience stricken by the sight, the
guilty man wept.

To this narrative we wish to annex the fol-
lowing inferences and remarks.

1. Intemperance produces a diseased state
of the stomach.
2. This disease is of such a nature, that
inexpressible horror of mind, and excruciat-
ing bodily pain, are produced by the failure
of the customary dram; which pain contin-
ues for some time, after total abstinence has
commenced.
3. This diseased action is so far permanent,
that for months, and even years after total
abstinence has been practiced, the sight or
smell of liquor will excite the most dangerous
hankerings after the old indulgence, and a
single taste will usually be followed by an in-

stantaneous and terrible resurrection of the
drunken appetite.

4. This narrative discloses the formidable
difficulties which lie in the way of the drunk-
ard's reformation; and the reasons of the al-
most universal relapse of reformed inebriates.
They do not return to their terrible vice, be-
cause they are insensible to degradation, or
are in love with beastly indulgence. They
are goaded to it by intense suffering. They
are more frequently desiring of our deep
commiseration, than of disgust and invective.
Many of them like our unhappy friend, are
struggling for deliverance, and recoil with hor-
ror, from the serpent vice, which yet fascinates
and allures them to destruction.

5. The drunkard's reformation is nearly
hopeless, while shops for the sale of intoxica-
ting drinks are scattered through our streets.
They are perpetual and powerful temptations
to the inebriate who is struggling to throw off
his evil habits. But few can pass the ordeal
unhurt. This danger is increased by the
character of the keepers of these establish-
ments. They entice men to drink. Did they
merely stand ready to furnish the means of
intoxication, their calling would be sufficiently
vicious. But they are not passive in this mat-
ter. Their interest demands a ready and
wide sale. They try to effect such sales.
They spare no pains to decoy the unwary,
and the weak into their dens. "Their house
inclined unto death, and their paths unto the
dead."

But for such tempters, the subject of this
narrative would now be a sober and happy
man. Again and again, did these harpies
spring upon him, like tigers for their prey, as
they saw him go by, sober and reformed. In-
stinctively aware of his dreadful appetite,
they allowed him to smell and taste. When
they saw him degraded and miserable before
them; when his agonized wife and suffering
children besought them no more to supply the
spell bound man with the means of self de-
struction, they heeded such entreaties as little
as the wolf does the lamb he mangles and
devours. Nay, they ridiculed her, and taunted
him, for those tears of heart broken misery.

They have done so to tens of thousands.
They do it now. Ten thousand thousand
suffering families cry aloud to our legislators
to close these dens of sin and temptation.
Nay, the wretched inebriates themselves, con-
scious of the horrible spell which binds them,
cry out for help, and look for deliverance in
the utter suppression of the traffic which has
destroyed them.

And shall they look in vain? Oh God of
mercy! visit with the light of truth, the minds
and hearts of those who disregard this cry;
who close their eyes and ears to the groans
and sufferings, legitimately and constantly
flowing from the business in which they are
engaged.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Baptist Missionary Magazine for February.

Assam.

JOURNAL OF MR. BRONSON.

Second tour to the Naga Hills—The journey—
His reception.

Dec. 20, 1839. Having completed two or
three elementary books, and made suitable pre-
parations, I set out on a second tour to the Nam
Sang Nagas; hoping to be able to communicate
to them some of the truths of the gospel. I shall
make an attempt to collect a few lads into school,
and to translate a few select portions of script-
ure.

Their former hospitality and good feeling leads
me to hope that they will receive instruction, and
embrace the truth. Yet the facts, that they have
no books, and that they are known to preserve
the customs of their fathers with the greatest te-
nacity,—render the experiment far less encour-
aging than it otherwise would be, and make me
feel inexpressibly anxious about my present un-
dertaking.

I sent off my attendants and baggage at an ear-
ly hour, hoping, if possible, to reach the moun-
tain top before the Sabbath. Had a prosperous
journey this day, and slept on the banks of the
beautiful Nam Sang river.

21. Started early, and about noon reached
the salt market at the foot of the mountain. Leav-
ing all my baggage behind, I gained the top of
the mountain about four o'clock, P. M. On my
arrival I found the people unaware of my ap-
proach. They had not prepared any place for
my reception, and I feared that I had come among
them in an inauspicious time. I soon had need
of wisdom and patience in meeting the rude assault
of one of the chiefs, who appeared to be in a per-
fect rage; ordering my interpreter "never to say
again that I was not in league with the Company,
and one of them; for my color, dress, language,
and customs, were the same; that I sent letters,
and received them; that I ate, slept and lived
with them." Nothing was said in reply, and I
managed soon to turn the conversation upon sub-
jects more pleasing. In the course of the inter-
view, however, I told him that he knew me to be
the friend of the Nagas, and that I came among
them solely to benefit them. I appealed to those
present, and asked, "Do not all the people call
me their friend?" To this nearly every voice
responded "Yes,"—and the enraged chief soon
left, apparently rather chagrined. In this man
I have uniformly found a violent opposer. He
often says to the people, "Who wants religion
from a foreigner, and who will alter the customs
of their fathers to receive books?"

Wearily, sick, and almost discouraged, I retired
to an oft frequented bower, where—shut out from
every human eye—I felt a sweet pleasure in com-
mitting myself,—my absent family,—and the in-
terests of this little mission, to Him who can still
the rage of the heathen, and can bring light out
of darkness. Returning, I threw myself down

on the floor to rest; when my old friend Tengasi Dekha came in bringing milk, potatoes, &c., and best of all—an approving smile. Soon after, several of my former friends came in, bringing what- ever they thought I would relish—and manifested the greatest pleasure at my arrival. I felt rebuked before God, for my distrust, and resolved to go forward in His strength, however dark and ad- verse present appearances might be.

22. Sabbath. My baggage not having ar- rived last evening, I had no conveniences for the night. Rolling myself up, however, in my over- coat, with a block of wood for my pillow, I slept as well as though I had rested on a bed of down.

The building of a house—Books presented.

At break of day hearing a great tumult, I went out and found almost the whole village engaged in preparations to build me a house. I requested my interpreter to inform the chief, that I was highly gratified to find him so ready to assist me, and that I very much needed a house to make me comfortable;—but it was the Lord's day, and I could not build on that day, and that I wished to see him early the next morning. This was re- ceived much better than I expected. They left off work without any dissatisfaction;—one or two saying, however, that "the work would be theirs"—and the *sin* also—and as I was in great want of a house, they had undertaken it so early." I endeavored to observe the day, but was much dis- turbed by the noisy multitude about me.

23. Received an early visit from Bor Kumbou, as I requested. He came with a number of the head men of the place. I told him I had much satisfaction in presenting to him the two first books ever printed in the Naga language; that it could now no longer be said that the Nagas had no books; and I had come among them this time, with the firm belief that they would take as much pains and pleasure in learning to read them, as I had in preparing them.

He asked to hear them read, to which I con- sented. They all appeared pleased, and on my as- suring them of my friendship they replied that they believed my words, and would assist me.

I then referred to my want of a house, and proposed to them the plan of a small bungalow,—promising to pay them for building me one. They arose and left me to consult together on the sub- ject. Soon after, a hundred or more were em- ployed in its erection. I consider this an im- portant object to be accomplished; as, without a house of my own, I often discommoded them; am never able to seclude myself, or to carry on a school to any advantage.

Beautiful Scenery—Suspensions of the Nagas.

They selected a delightful spot on a lofty cliff, overlooking a large extent of country. On two sides are deep valleys sinking below you, almost as far as the eye can reach. Before you, in the distant view, roll the majestic Brahmaputra, and the beautiful Dihing; while you can catch faint glimpses of Jaipur, and the vicinity of Borhath, and Jorhath on the west. On the east, in a much nearer view, rises a lofty chain of mountain peaks, which is the height of land between this and the Burmese, Singpho, and Chinese territories; while on the lower peaks, numerous Naga villages are to be seen, at small distances, the light of whose fires, and the echo of whose rude music, enliven many a lone and dreary night. It was truly pleasing to think of devoting this beautiful im- mense to the service of God. Oh, that God would dispose the hearts of this people to do His will.

24. The people have been engaged on the house to-day. The frame is up, and one side covered. It is very rough, and rude. The cov- ering is of leaves. There appears to be a good feeling towards me, but an indifference to books, and perhaps a prejudice. I am often told that the people are afraid of my intentions, and believe that I have some secret object to accomplish in regard to their country.

Again, it is said, that if one learns, all will do so, and if I have no object but to teach them, they are much pleased. One thing is very encour- aging,—they never hesitate to teach me their lan- guage.

25. Had a call from—, whose inquiries led me to suspect they were premeditating an attack upon some neighboring villages, which have late- ly ceased to pay tribute to them. I was careful to maintain the greatest indifference on the sub- ject. The object of their visit might have been to see if I would direct at all in such matters. It is very difficult to know how to manage in all cases, with so rude, suspicious, and ignorant a people.

Superstition of the natives—Invocations for the sick.

26. I have been painfully amused this evening by hearing the relatives of a sick person calling upon their imaginary divinities to restore health. A long joint of a bamboo was half filled with small round stones. The person performing the ceremony put his mouth into this hollow tube, and walking several times around the house, exclaim- ed, "O deu, due deu, Koro Koro," (i. e., "O di- vinity," or Nat, "come, come." The stones are then shaken together, and the exclamation repeated; after which an entreaty is made to the soul of the sick person, which is supposed to have been carried, or to have wandered away,—as follows:

"Return to thy habitation!
It is night—thou wilt get harm,
Or lose thy way—it is night; return, return."

After these invocations, the inhabitants of the house never eat, nor sleep, nor speak, until the sun is seen breaking forth from the lofty moun- tain tops in the east, lest they should frighten away the messengers, whose coming they so ear- nestly implored.

Visit from the chief—Inquiries.

27. Received a visit from Bor Kumbou and several of his attendants, with whom I had a long and familiar talk upon the value of religion, and useful books; urged him to encourage the most promising youths to learn to read. He acceded to what I said, and replied that a few had a mind to read, but did not wish to commence until all their associates were favorably inclined. By this conversation I have great hopes that they will slowly overcome their prejudices, and become a reading people. Toward evening a party cal- led, on a friendly visit, and asked about many of the customs of my native land; in what manner the marriage ceremony was performed—whether we had more than one wife, &c. This gave me

an opportunity of explaining the sins of polyga- my, and adultery, and to speak of the laws of God and man upon these subjects. But alas! how powerless is truth even, when counteracted by the force of bad example.

Removal to his new house—Kindness of the peo- ple.

28. In closing up the duties of another week, I have great occasion for praise and thanksgiving. I have removed into my own house, where I may once more enjoy the sweets of retirement, and secret intercourse with heaven; and if there are yet some discomforts, I can rejoice in bearing them, knowing that it is for the accomplishment of the best of enterprises.

I might say much of the kindness I receive from this people; in many cases my wants are actually anticipated. In fact, I am in this respect, very much like a pastor at home, who is daily re- ceiving some testimonial of good will and affec- tion from his parishioners.

29. Sunday. Spent most of the day in re- tirement. Read and explained the catechism to several who called. This evening read and com- mented on the parable of "the sower and the seed" to my own attendants.

Retrospect of the year—Encouragements.

Jan. 1, 1840. Another year is gone. Its events, its privileges, and opportunities for doing good,—whether improved, or misimproved, de- mand my serious consideration.

It is just one year to-day, since I first sent a messenger to the chiefs of this people, to ask per- mission to come up among them, to learn their language and to impart to them a knowledge of the true God. It is with sincere gratitude that I would this day acknowledge the goodness of God in sparing me to complete that tour, to prepare the first books in their language, and to com- mence a second tour. This day finds me in my own house, with many comforts, and with en- couragements that exceed my most sanguine ex- pectations. Friends and donors have appeared—and the voice of every providence says, go for- ward.

Funeral ceremonies.

4. This is a day of sorrow and mourning, on account of the death of one of the chief's sons. The lad died yesterday afternoon. The chief wo- men repaired immediately to the house, and their wailings and lamentations have rent the air ever since. The scene reminded me of the words of the prophet, "Call now for the mourning women." As they wail they occasionally tear their hair, smite their breasts, and rend their clothes. To- day a small stand about four feet high has been built of bamboos, in a place where they deposit their dead, and a little before sundown several hundred people of all ages and ranks, walked in procession to the house, and following the body to the place of deposit, wailing as they went. I followed on as near as was prudent, to observe the ceremony, and to show them that I also felt a bereavement. They soon reached the bamboo stand, on which they bound the body. They then drew cloths about it, above and below, so as to form a small enclosure. All his property was thrown under the stand (or stand). Here the body will decay in the open air. A number of fe- males came around and planted flowers and seeds near the spot, bewailing as follows:

"O friend, where art thou? Where hast thou gone? Why hast thou left us? Thou wert hand- some and brave, and we loved thee. Hadst thou remained, what might we not have hoped for, from thee!"

5. Sunday. Read and explained the parable of "the rich man and Lazarus," also of "the prod- ical son." The exercise called forth a good many objections, and inquiries.

Sickness of his teacher—Superstitions.

7. Having been giving medicine to my Naga teacher, I arose early and went to see him. On reaching the house, I found a basket bound fast in the entrance, a signal that forbids all commu- nication with other persons. On requesting to see him, I was told "apien," (i. e.,) unlawful. I therefore had only to return, without rendering him any assistance. These people, in this way, inflict severe penalties upon themselves. After calling over the names of their departed ancestors one by one, they vowed not to eat nor hold inter- course with others for a certain number of days. In this man's case it has been four days, and yet he gets no better.

Some superstitious old people here, who are also afraid of changing old customs, have intimated that his sickness and soreness of eyes, are a chastisement of the nats, for his having several of my books in his possession, and on account of his being so favorable to my plans. He has there- fore invoked the spirits of each of his departed friends,—sent all his books to my house—and is apparently disinclined to give any attention to them, or to assist me as formerly. He never ex- presses any such thing, however, to me,—and as he continues to receive medicines, I trust when his health is better, his present state of feeling will be removed.

While I was busy, a fine young lad came up, and asked if I would teach him to read? My heart was filled with joy at the proposal,—and he agreed to come daily. He has learned several of his letters to-day, and I hope this is the begin- ning of a school. This lad's name is Rumjang. He is a relative of the present chief.

CHRIST DID NOT SUBMIT TO BAPTISM, AS AN IN- DUCATION INTO THE PRIESTLY OFFICE; BUT HEREBY HE GAVE SANCTION AND VALIDITY TO JOHN'S BAPTISM, AS A PERPETUAL ORDINANCE OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

Our Pedobaptist brethren tell us that "Christ condescended to be baptized, and it was adminis- tered to him by John, upon the very same prin- ciples on which the priests were dedicated to their office. It was necessary to justify the counsels of Divine Wisdom in framing the law of Moses, that the Messiah should recognize its divine in- stitution, and sanction its ordinances, by observ- ing its rites in his own person." Bloomfield, on Matt. iii: 13.

"Our Lord represented the high priest, and was to be the high priest over the house of God; now, as the high priest was initiated into his of- fice by washing and anointing, so must Christ; and hence he was baptized, washed, and anointed by the Holy Ghost. Thus he fulfilled the righteous ordinance of his initiation into the office of High Priest. Adam Clarke, on Matt. iii: 15.

Now you will particularly observe, that here it is positively declared, that "Christ's baptism was his initiation into the office of High Priest; that baptism was administered to Christ upon the very same principles on which priests were dedi- cated to their office; that Christ's baptism was in jus- tification of the wisdom of God in framing the law of Moses, in recognition of the institution of that law, and in sanction of its ordinances; and that Christ observed the rites of the Mosaic law in his own person."

Now one and all of these assertions are per- fectly groundless. Not one of them can abide the test of scripture examination. And one cannot but deplore the weakness of even great minds, to which the above assertions form a fair index. After so many examples of human imbecility, we ought to have learned not to trust any man in matters of religion; but to go ourselves to the Bible, that unerring guide, with which the blessed God has furnished us, and there have a *thus saith the Lord* for our faith and practice. It may be, that those who make assertions so untenable, have been betrayed into the mistaken idea by the supposed coincidence between the age of the Sa- viour at the time of his baptism, and the age of priests at the time of their being inducted into of- fice.

On Luke iii. 23, "And Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age," Dr. A. Clarke ob- serves, "This was the age required by the law, to which the priests must arrive before they could be installed in their office." Dr. Whitby remarks, on the same text, that "Our Lord entered on his office in the thirtieth year of his age; and this was the age appointed for the Levites to begin the ser- vice of the sanctuary."

Now, admitting the supposed coincidence, that the Jewish priests and Christ entered upon their official duties at the age of thirty years, it by no means follows, that Christ, by the act of being baptized, was inducted into the priestly office, nor that John's baptism was the same as the washing of a priest at his consecration.

A mere coincidence, or agreement of circum- stances, however perfect, is no proof. Nor does the fact, that great and good men have resorted to such evidence, in support of their favorite creeds, substantiate such testimony in the judg- ment of a judicious and wise interpreter of scrip- ture.

We read of a candlestick with seven lamps, and a house with seven pillars, but shall we conclude that the seven pillars are the seven lamps? And yet, so far as coincidence is concerned, we may as well draw such a con- clusion as to infer that Christ's baptism was his initiation into the priesthood, because priests were consecrated to their office when at the age of thirty years. Such reasoning ill suits the dignity and holiness of a divine revelation.

But let us inquire a little more particularly re- specting this coincidence.

Is there any law in the Bible which required that priests should not be consecrated to the priestly office, until they had arrived at the age of thirty years?

Such a law did not exist in the time of the Sa- viour, nor for seven hundred years before the Messiah's advent.

When the Lord had accepted the tribe of Le- vi, in exchange for the first-born of the families of Israel who were preserved from the hand of the destroying angel in Egypt, and hitherto re- served for the service of the sanctuary, when the tribe of Levi was accepted and devoted to the sa- cred ministry, a special precept was enacted re- straining the Kohathites, the Gershonites, and the Merarites, who constituted the common or- der of priests, from entering upon the functions of the priesthood until they were of the age of thirty years. Numb. iii. 41: iv. 2, 3, 22, 23, 29, 30.

But this law was to continue only for a limit- ed and brief period, probably no longer than the time required in proportioning the Levites to their respective services, for their number was twenty-two thousand three hundred, of whom eight thousand five hundred and eighty were ef- fective men, able to enter immediately upon the active duties of the priesthood.

What renders it certain, that the law, requir- ing the Levites to be thirty years old when they entered the ministry, was intended for special pur- poses, and designed to continue only for a limited space of time, is the fact that during the same year, and probably the same month, the Lord in- forms Moses, that the Levites should enter upon the holy duties of the priestly office, at the age of five and twenty years, and continue until they are fifty years of age. Numb. viii. 24, 25. Now this last law, which required the Levites to com- mence serving in the house of God at the age of twenty-five years, continued in force for the space of three hundred and seventy-five years, up to the time when Israel was peacefully settled in the promised land, and when it was no longer the ar- duous duty of the Levites to carry the tabernacle and its numerous vessels for the service thereof. At which time David, being divinely inspired, gave orders that the Levites should be num- bered for the service of the house of the Lord, from the age of twenty years. 1 Chron. xxiii. 24.

This computation of the Levites for the active duties of the sanctuary, was confirmed by David, a little before his death, and established as an ordinance forever. 1 Chron. xxiii. 27, &c.—Hence, four hundred and eighty years afterwards, when Israel was restored from the captivity of Babylon, the law requiring Levites to enter upon official duties at the age of twenty years, was re- newed and ever after continued. Ezra iii. 8. The same law was in force when Jesus was bat- tized, but neither Jesus nor John observed it. Nor was there any necessity for them to observe it, since they were not consecrated to the Leviti- cal priesthood.

But again, I ought not to omit the remark that what is said above has special regard to the Le- vites, who were the general order of priests, and not to the office of high priest.

Now Jesus was the great High Priest answer- ing to the high priest of the Jews. And respect- ing the Jewish high priest no law was enacted as to what age he should be consecrated to the holy duties of his office! If no way incapacitated, he was to continue his sacred functions until death, but at what age he entered upon them we are nowhere informed. Christ, therefore did not delay his baptism until he was thirty years of age, be-

cause of any Jewish law requiring him to do so, for no such law did exist.

But let us consider the position which our Pe- dobaptist brethren assume, that Christ, by his baptism, was initiated into the office of high priest, after the manner of consecrating the high priest of the Jews.

It is sufficient to remark, in the first place, that the Jews never had any such custom at the con- secration of a priest. The Jewish high priest, when set apart to the office of the priesthood, was washed with water at the door of the taber- nacle; clothed with the priestly robe; girded with the curious girdle of the ephod, by which the ephod was bound to him; a breast-plate was put upon him, in which were the Urim and Thummim; a mitre was put upon his head, and upon the mitre a golden plate, the holy crown; and the anointing oil was poured upon his head; but never was he baptized. Ex. xl. 12-15. Lev- it. viii.

Nor did Jesus ever submit to baptism in com- pliance with any such custom. Even had there been such a custom, John was by no means a suitable person to administer the rite, since he himself was never consecrated to the office of a Jewish priest. If Christ must needs have been baptized to fulfil the law of Moses, then the regu- lar priest, and not John, would have adminis- tered the rite to him. In this case, John's bat- tizing Christ was an act of gratuitous usurpation, and must have been looked upon as such by every Jew. Even a king had no right to intrude in such matters. 2 Chron. xxvi. 17, 18. More- over, let it be observed, that Jesus was never set apart to act in the capacity of a Jewish priest.

His priesthood was not a shadow, but a glorious reality. It is perfect, and suited to all the ends and purposes of effecting the salvation of sin- ful men. Jesus, as a priest, takes no victim from the fold, but makes a sacrificial offering of himself—the Lamb of God—a noble sacrifice for man! The institution of the Levitical priesthood was typical of that which Christ sustained.

The former was an allusive institution, highly emblematical of the latter, and well calculated to impress the mind of a Jew, as well as enlighten his apprehension respecting the glory and grand- eur of him "who, through the eternal Spirit, of- fered himself without spot to God."

It must, therefore, have been highly incongru- ous for Jesus to have submitted to the mode of a legal consecration, since he was not the type, but the glorious antitype. He was not constituted a priest after the manner of the ceremonial law, but declared a priest by "the word of the oath, which was since the law." Heb. vii. 28.

And still further, it is evident that Christ could never have submitted to be consecrated after the custom of the Jewish high priest, since the priest- hood and the law of its appointment were to be changed at the coming of Christ. The Levitical priesthood, with all its array of splendour and mode of consecration, was to terminate. It was to be superseded by another, infinitely more grand and important, differing as widely from the former as the substance transcends its shadow. The Aaronical priesthood answered the end for which it was intended: but it could never accomplish what was necessary for our salvation; for there could have been no occasion for the coming of another priest, after another order, and under different laws. "For such an high priest became us who is holy and made higher than the heav- ens." "A minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man."

Now, that Christ sustained a priesthood alto- gether different from the high priesthood of the Jews, both in respect to the laws of appointment and mode of consecration, is put beyond a doubt by the following considerations:

First, Christ, the High priest of our profession, is evident, descended not in the line of the tribe of Levi, the regular and legal line of the high priest of the Jews, but is of the tribe of Judah, re- specting which, Moses spake nothing concerning priesthood. Heb. vii. 13, 14. This single cir- cumstance would have forbid the idea of Christ's ever being consecrated a priest after the law of Moses. The objection would have been immedi- ately raised against him, he is not one of the tribe of Levi, and therefore not eligible to the priest- hood. But it is more evident that Christ could not be a priest according to the law of Moses, and consequently could not have submitted to a legal consecration, since he was not a priest after the order of Aaron; but after the similitude of Mel- chisedec. He is made or appointed a priest, "not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." Heb. vii. 11, 15, 16, 17, 18.

And again, it is expressly stated that the Jew- ish priesthood was changed, and that this change rendered it necessary that there should also be a change of the law by which the priesthood should be regulated. Heb. vii. 12.

Jesus is come a high priest according to an arrangement entirely unique. This new order for an high priest over the house of God, which is the new or gospel dispensation was little known till the anointed priest had actually come.

[Concluded next week.]

From the Religious Herald.

Extract of a letter from Elder Andrew Broadus, Jr., dated St. Francisville, Missouri, Jan. 15th, 1841.

"The cause of religion in Northern Missouri is advancing. During the last year, I baptized some 40 or 50 persons, besides a number who were baptized at protracted meetings which I attended. There is a protracted meeting now in progress in Illinois, some 30 miles distant, at which 8 or 10 persons have already professed conversion, and the work is still going on. I expect to be with them to-morrow evening."

Extract of a letter from Elder S. Davidson, one of the missionaries of the General Association, dated, Concord, Campbell Co., Feb. 2, 1841.

"It is now time that I should make my second quarterly report, I have been constantly engaged in travelling and preaching for the last four months preceding the 1st of January, except when hin- dered by bad weather. There has been nothing of special interest in any field of labor since my last report.

"The Stonewall church on the 11th of Decem-

ber, gave a license to my son, Samuel A. David, son. At Hat Creek, now Union Hill Church, I baptized a Presbyterian elder. He will, I trust, be a useful member of the Church.

"I have travelled since my last report 650 miles, and delivered 33 sermons, baptized 16 per- sons, attended two protracted meetings, and col- lected \$50 for the General Association."

The editor of the Georgia Christian Index, in publishing the Circular of the Baptist Church in Baltimore requesting that the "vexed question" may not be introduced in the next General Con- vention, dissents from any such arrangement, and says, "The South, at least Georgia, will never submit to this. Our position is taken. Our views and feelings have been already exhibited to the world. The ultraists must cease to revile us, and those brethren who would be thought neutral, must cease to connive at their conduct, if we ever go on together, as we have done, in the great en- terprises of the day." Is that the way to exhibit the spirit of Him who, when he was reviled, re- viled not again?—Cross & Journal.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

NEW HAVEN DEPARTMENT.

REV. T. C. TEASDALE, EDITOR.

Note Preaching.

We promised some comments upon D's article on this subject in last week's paper.

It seems to be a source of some trouble to D, that we should consider reading sermons an inno- vation upon an ancient, and as we think, apostolic practice. The origin of the custom of reading sermons, is dated by Cotton Mather, about 1550, and is said to have originated in the fact, that be- fore the Reformation there was in the Churches of England little preaching by learned and com- petent men. And even for some time after the yoke of papacy was thrown off, there was very little change in this respect for the better. To supply in a measure the need of substantial pre- ching, itinerants were sent about the country to preach to people who had no competent ministry. From various causes operating on their minds they were induced to write and read their ser- mons. Amongst these were probably the mis- representations which were made of their dis- courses, and the persecutions which they suffer- ed in consequence of these misrepresentations.

We do not pretend that the Scriptures actually prohibit the practice of reading religious discourses. Nor have we expressed any doubts as to the possibility of doing good in that way. But our principal objections to the practice grow out of other considerations; such, for instance, as the greater good which those who read entirely, might do, if they were not tied to their paper.

As to what was said in our last article about *revising every rule of oratory*, &c., we deem it ne- cessary only to say here, that any one may sat- isfy himself on this subject by consulting any el- ebrated elocutionist in the country. Ask him whether as deep and as valuable an impression can be made on an audience by reading a dis- course, as by speaking it extemporaneously; and see what he will say! Ask the actor why he does not read his part? Ask the lawyer why he does not read his address to the jury?

What D. says about not trusting at all to the inspiration of circumstances, &c., seems to us to reflect somewhat upon the aid of God's Spirit, which we have a right to expect in such cases. We do not believe that God will work a miracle to make an ignorant man learned, or to give a man a knowledge of his subject when he has neg- lected the means necessary to attain such knowl- edge; but we do nevertheless believe, that when a man takes suitable pains to prepare himself for the discussion of this subject, and then goes forth relying upon the aid of the Spirit to give him the ability to present the truth which he has conceiv- ed in the best possible manner, he will not be dis- appointed in receiving all under aid. And still further this principle carried out will bring us just where reading ministers of other denominations have generally gone, to deny a special call to the work of the ministry. Our impression is that if a man is called of God to preach the gospel, he will, with suitable industry on his part, be thor- oughly furnished for his work by the special aid of the Holy Spirit, and by the life-giving presence of the Divine master. As he feels himself op- pressed with a consciousness of his inability to discharge the high trust imposed upon him faith- fully and successfully, and is ready to cry out in the sincerity of his soul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" he is consoled by the precious promise of his God, "my grace shall be sufficient for you," and by the glorious intimation of his Saviour, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." There was a time when a large portion of our ministers had fallen into the mistake that if a man were called of God to the work of the ministry, he would be, miracu- lously as it were, qualified for the duties of his calling, and therefore every human qualification was quite immaterial. We are now in danger of running into the opposite extreme, of trusting to mere human qualifications, to the exclusion of the proper aid of the Holy Spirit—an evil, in our opinion, more to be deprecated, if possible, than the first.

It is insisted upon that the man who reads his discourses will be more likely to prepare himself for the duties of the pulpit. It is said "he must write them, and must spend much time in his study" &c. Now in reply to all this we have only to say that this kind of necessity of getting up

Samuel A. David.
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EDITOR.

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something, is not very likely to induce a minister to look earnestly and thoroughly into his subject, and be prepared to bring out of the treasure-house things new and old. Who does not know that the mental effort required in a suitable preparation for preaching extemporaneously, is much greater than that which is required by the other method. It is much more easy to patch up a bed-quilt kind of sermon, by taking a part from this author and a part from that, than it is to dive into the subject, and imbue the mind thoroughly with the truth to be developed, and then go forward to proclaim what we have thus clearly, thoroughly conceived and understood.

If a test on this subject is desired, just sit down and converse with ministers of different habits in this respect, on the subject of the discourses which they have delivered and see which shall appear to have in the mind the most distinct apprehension of the truths upon which he has dwelt. Their education and natural capacities being equal, the result, cannot we think, be doubted.

The figure of Dr. Griffin, which D. has introduced is most unfortunate, in our estimation, for the cause which he advocates. We never before heard it doubted, that the extemporaneous preacher is more likely to leave the points of the hatchel bare, than the man who reads his sermons. For what is all the elegance and high sounding words, and rhetorical flourishes, aimed at in too many read discourses, but the mere "swinging tow that prevents the points of the hatchel from sticking up so that they may prick."

D. does not seem to differ from us in the opinion that instruction is only a part of a minister's duty, and that this instruction may be imparted in an extemporaneous discourse. The main point of difference between us appears to be the question of expediency or utility. We hope, therefore, that he will confine himself to this point for the present, and let us see how a man is better to accomplish the great objects of the Christian ministry, by reading his discourses than by delivering them otherwise. And under this head he may show us what reason can be offered why we should not read our prayers, as well as our sermons. We had a man preach for us not a great while ago, whose prayer occupied about thirty minutes, and whose sermon occupied about thirty-one minutes in the delivery. The one was addressed to God, the infinitely wise and strict Jehovah, and was extemporaneous; the other was addressed to ignorant, dying mortals, and was read. Now what reason can be given in justification of such a course? We saw one of these readers undertake to give the right hand of fellowship last week, to a man who had just been set apart from the ministry, and even that little thing could not be done without reading. Here, thought we, is the legitimate consequence of the reading system.—Quere—How long will it take, at this rate, so far to destroy man's confidence in the powers and faculties which God has given him as to render it necessary to write and read every thing he wishes to say on the subject of religion, even in the little social circle. We would sincerely use here a part of a well known written prayer, and say from these legitimate consequences of the reading system, "Good Lord, deliver us!" When we get so that we cannot walk without going upon stilts, we hope we may not try to walk at all.

In conclusion, we would say that we are not opposed to writing sermons every week. It is not against habitual writing that we wish to declaim. We believe that every pastor ought to write a great deal. In this respect we agree with D. A man will be more likely, most undoubtedly, to become a good extemporaneous speaker by writing much. But what we complain of is, that a minister should by the mere force of habit as we think so completely muffle the sword of the Spirit which he is called to handle. If we are mistaken in this particular, we hope D. will rectify our errors. We wait to hear what he will say.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, FEBRUARY 19, 1841.

Ordination.

An Ecclesiastical Council was convened in this city, by invitation of the South Baptist Church, on Wednesday last the 17th inst. for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of ordaining Mr. Edmund Turney to the work of the Christian ministry, and pastoral office in that church.

The Council having duly examined Br. Turney as to his religious experience, views of Gospel doctrine and practice, and call to the ministry, decided unanimously to proceed to his ordination at 2 P. M., of the same day.

At the time specified the ordination services were attended in the following order:

1st. Singing, 250th Hymn, Winchell's Watts:—"How beautiful are their feet."

2d. Introductory Prayer by Br. Knapp. 3d. Singing, 516th Hymn of the Supplement:—"Watchman tell us of the night."

4th. Sermon by Br. Knapp. Text, I Cor. iv. 2:—"Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." The Preacher said he should notice

I. Some particulars in which a Christian minister should be found faithful. II. Assign some reasons why he should be faithful.

Under the first head he said the minister must be found faithful in Study: giving himself wholly to his work:—Preaching: declaring all God's truth, rebuking all sin:—intemperance and slavery were nam-

ed: must be diligent in use of time. It is said of John Wesley and Dr. Benjamin Rush, that for 30 years they had not a leisure hour: must possess a love for souls: must understand human nature and the Bible; be "mighty in the Scriptures:" in preaching, as a general rule, follow Bible style: must seek to keep on the right side of God rather than the right side of men.

Under the second head of reasons, why a minister should be faithful, the preacher said: Our ministerial stewardship was voluntarily assumed: the immense importance of our work was a reason: if faithful, we shall be successful, shall be the honored instrument of saving souls: the tremendously awful consequences of unfaithfulness to the minister personally was an incentive to faithfulness: the blood of souls shall be found upon the unfaithful minister: the bright exemplars of faithfulness set before us, Our Lord Jesus, the Apostles, Luther, Whitefield, Wesley, Payson, &c., an incentive to faithfulness: lastly, the shortness of the period of our labors and toils here an incentive and encouragement to faithfulness—soon, shall we hear from the lips of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

5th. Ordaining prayer by our venerable Father Bentley, of Wethersfield. 6th. Charge by Br. G. B. Atwell, of Canton. 7th. Hand of Fellowship by Br. Eaton, of 1st ch. Hartford. 8th. Singing, hymn 244:—"Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

9th. Address to the church and congregation by Br. Ives, of Suffield. 10th. Concluding prayer by Br. Reid of Wethersfield. 11th. Benediction by the Pastor ordained.

Of the sermon we will only say, it was rich in Gospel truth, and we believe that the preacher who shall carry it out in his ministerial work, will indeed be pronounced a faithful steward when the great Lord of all shall call him to an account of his stewardship. The performances of the other officiating ministers were exceedingly judicious and appropriate, and as to the spirit of the performances we have seldom if ever attended an ordination where there seemed so evidently an unction from the Holy One diffused through all the proceedings as on this occasion. We feel bound to express strong commendation of the performances of the choir of singers, many of whom we trust sang with the "spirit" of new-born souls. The performances were listened to by an attentive and densely crowded assembly.

Our brother Turney commences his labors among us under circumstances interesting, and as we think very auspicious—in the midst of a glorious and powerful revival, and in forwarding which he has been one of the honored instruments, he is now set over us in the Lord. May the great Head of the church make him the instrument, not only of building up the young and the old disciples in their most holy faith, but also of bringing many more to the Saviour who are now near unto perishing.

The communication which is found on the first page of our paper this week, was furnished by a gentleman of the first respectability, and may be relied on as correct. The leading facts in the case are familiar to us, and we can vouch for the truth of them. Should it be objected that a statement of facts concerning the history of a single individual, is not so well calculated to do good as the influence of moral suasion alone, it may be answered in the language of the writer of the article, "We are often told of millions of drunkards, of thousands killed by intemperance, &c. But the immensity of the statement destroys the vividness of impression. The tale of a single wounded soldier awakens more sympathy than the bare statistics of a thousand battle fields." Sterne "took a single captive" when he sat down to write a single chapter on slavery, and he undoubtedly accomplished more in behalf of the slave than he would have done had he written volumes upon the "millions born to no other inheritance."

Should a single individual be induced to abandon the traffic of intoxicating liquors by reading the communication in question, the author of it will be amply rewarded. It may be proper to add, that the relatives of the deceased had consented to its publication before the article was offered for the press.

THE ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM.—We have been forcibly struck with the beauty and sublimity of this ordinance, while witnessing it from Sabbath to Sabbath at the "river side," for the last five or six weeks. In a number of instances we have seen the husband and wife go down together into the "watery grave." In another instance, three young men, brothers, walked arm in arm "down into the water," and were baptized. Others have audibly praised God, as they "came up out of the water." Thousands have attended to witness the ordinance, and in every instance, we believe, it has been blessed to the conviction and conversion of some of the spectators. Can the same be said of infant sprinkling?

The Rev. Mr. Knapp is expected to close his labors in this city next Sabbath evening. The revival continues with as much interest as ever. Upwards of one hundred and fifty have been baptized since the meetings commenced, and many others have been received as candidates. A more particular account of this revival may be expected at a proper time.

A letter published in the last Christian Watchman, states that a glorious work of grace has been in progress, for several months past, in South Kingtown, R. I., and in several of the neighboring towns. Persons of every class of society have been subjects of the grace of God, from the man of eighty four years of age, down to the child in the Sabbath School; from the most amiable and moral in community, to the profane, the intemperate and the sceptic.

An extract from the Rev. Mr. Woolsey's work on Baptism, will be found in our columns this week. In consequence of the length of the chapter from which the extract is made, we were under the necessity of dividing it. The remainder will appear in the next paper.

It is to be regretted that members of Churches, on a change of residence, are frequently in the habit of remaining out of the pale of the church. We have known repeated instances of the kind, in this city, and we believe the practice exists to an alarming extent throughout the country. The following suggestions from the Baptist Record, will apply to this city as well as Philadelphia.

"Pastors in the country, would do well to write to pastors here, apprise them that one of their flock, or a family of their charge is about coming to the city, and let them know enough about the person or persons, to create an interest in them, and give them a knowledge sufficient to dictate to them the probable sphere in which the person is likely to move.

"Churches should give letters missive, or commendatory to the denomination general, or to some church in particular, and require the member or members, to inform them within three or six months from the time of their leaving, whether they have joined a church, or what their religious circumstances are.

"Members coming to the city, should soon call on some pastor and form acquaintance with some deacons or church members, attend social and public meetings as regularly as they did in the country, or as their situations will allow of—and never suffer themselves to be "drawn away of their own lust, and enticed."

"From six years experience we are convinced that some great misdeeds might have been prevented and great good effected in religion by the instrumentality of many, who have left their residence in the country, and as the sequel has almost proved, have left their religion there too, and settled in utter obscurity and uselessness in our great and wicked city. Members from the country are taken by the hand here, if they will only let us know them. Multitudes now living among us can testify to this, and some of them are among our most useful and happy members."

In our paper last week, we published an article from the Congregational Observer, signed by M. Hale Smith, the former pastor of the Universalist Society in this city. In that communication it was stated that the clerk of the Society had avowed his unbelief in the inspiration of the Bible to Mr. Smith while in Hartford. In the last Observer, we find a communication from Mr. George Francis, the clerk of said society, denying the statement of Smith. As we have published Mr. Smith's letter, it is proper that we should also notice Mr. Francis' denial of that part of it which relates to himself.

THE LICENSE QUESTION.—The inhabitants of Norwich have prohibited the sale of ardent spirits for the year 1841, by a vote of about two to one. The towns of Simsbury, Lyme, Colchester, Willington, Monroe, Branford and East Windsor have also passed similar votes. In New Canaan, any person can sell by paying \$10 into the town treasury. Coventry \$25, and Mansfield \$5. In New London, Durham, Bridgeport and Litchfield, the indiscriminate traffic in intoxicating liquors is allowed.

CONCERT OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.—The annual concert of prayer for Colleges and seminaries of learning, which has been observed throughout the country generally, for the last eighteen years, will occur on the last Thursday of the present month.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The last Advocate & Baptist says:—"The amount received from Maine during December and January, was \$578.77, averaging between three and four thousand dollars for the year. Brethren and sisters, can we not, ought we not to double this! Our Missions are in imminent peril—shall we not make an immediate effort to fill up the empty treasury!"

REVIVALS.—By the last Baptist Advocate, we learn that several of the Baptist churches in New York and Brooklyn, are enjoying seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

For the Christian Secretary.

Sonnet.

"There the weary are at rest."

The world is full of sorrow, toil, and woe,
And disappointment is the lot of men;
Our prospects now are bright, then dark again,
And thus we pass our pilgrimage below:
Now health and vigor shed their gladdening glow,
Along life's cheerful pathway, calm and bright,
While friends we love their kind regards bestow;
Now gloomy sickness, with its touch of blight,
Beclouds our skies and turns the day to night;
Perchance the ties of friendship, too, are riven,
And the kind hands we once with pleasure press,
Are now withdrawn and unto others given;
But 'tis not thus amid the scenes of heaven,
Though earthly joys are fickle as the best,
Yet there no sadness fills the peaceful breast—
The pilgrim finds a home, the weary are at rest.

President, R. I.

S. D. P.

SELECTED SUMMARY.

OREGON TERRITORY.—Mr. Linn, of the U. S. Senate, has introduced a bill declaring that the title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon is certain, and will not be abandoned. The bill further authorizes the President of the United States to take immediate measures to have the boundaries of the United States on the Pacific frontier ascertained and fixed; and in the meantime to take such measures as may be necessary to protect the persons and property of our citizens residing or trading in the Territory of Oregon. It also provides that a line of military posts be established at suitable places between Fort Leavenworth and the Rocky Mountains. The bill grants one thousand acres of land to every white male inhabitant of the territory who shall cultivate and use the same for five consecutive years. It also authorizes the appointment of an Indian agent with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, whose duty it shall be to superintend the interests of the United States with any Indian tribe west of any agency now established.

THE CABINET.—It is of necessity that the President Elect should, some days before he enters on the duties of his high office, make selections of persons to fill the chief Executive Departments of Government. From information, which we presume may be relied on, we have the pleasure of being able to inform our readers that, in all probability, the Cabinet of the new President, so far as depends upon him, will be thus composed:

Secretary of State—DANIEL WEBSTER, of the State of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Treasury—THOMAS EWING, of the State of Ohio.

Secretary of War—JOHN BELL, of the State of Tennessee.

Secretary of the Navy—GEORGE E. BADGER, of the State of North Carolina.

Postmaster General—FRANCIS GRANGER, of the State of New York.

Attorney General—J. J. CRITTENDEN, of the State of Kentucky.

We anticipate the warm approbation of a great majority of the People of the United States of these selections, and of the aggregate result. In some cases, doubtless, choice has been difficult, where many were thought worthy; but out of the abundant materials before him, it cannot be denied that the President will have formed a Cabinet remarkably strong in talent, character, and the possession of the public confidence.

It is an old observation that the head of a Government usually shows how much wisdom and discretion he possesses by the choice of ministers and agents. Tried by this received standard, the new elected President has, in this first act of his official duties, well justified that great measure of favor which he has received from the People. National Intelligencer.

A NEW TOWN AFFAIR.—The inhabitants of a town in Connecticut, it is said, have voted that, whereas the selling of rum is profitable to the seller and unprofitable to the town, the town will take the business into their own hands. They accordingly appointed a man to sell spirits for them; voted him a salary; ordered the selectmen to furnish the rum, and directed the agent to register every man who bought the rum and the quantity bought.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

VESSEL SUNK WITH PROBABLY ALL ON BOARD.—Capt. Hanna of the brig Anna, arrived yesterday, states that while at anchor off the lower end of Kent Island, on Monday, with the wind ahead, he observed a schooner of about 50 or 60 tons lying near, at anchor, but with her mast blown up. About three o'clock, a squall came up from the E. N. E., and blew quite fresh for a short time. When it cleared away, he saw that the schooner was sunk, and something floating on the water. He sent his boat and found that the mainmast was broken in two, and the upper part with the sail attached floating on the surface. The main gaff, was taken off, and brought up. Capt. H. supposed that all on board were drowned.—Balt. Am.

IMPROVED WOODEN PAVEMENT.—A method has been invented for obviating one objection to wooden pavements.—As the wooden pavement is now laid it is subject to become unequal in consequence of some of the blocks being driven into the ground deeper than the others by the pressure from above. In the improved method, the blocks are connected together by a simple and cheap contrivance, and are made to support each other.—Evening Post.

ACCIDENT AT PITTSFIELD.—We learn that a gentleman and lady while riding on Sunday evening last, ran off the railroad bridge, a few rods north of Warner and Russell's hotel, in Pittsfield. The gentleman had both of his legs broken, and the lady was considerably injured though not seriously. The horse was killed.—Albany Daily Advertiser.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Day before yesterday, says the Galena Gazette of the 11th inst., as a person on horse back was crossing the Mississippi, near the mouth of Fever river, the fore feet of the horse broke through, which pitched the rider over his head completely under the ice, and nothing more was seen of him. Some women who happened to be near by, extricated the horse and brought him to town. The name of the man has not been ascertained.

VERY LATE FROM THE PACIFIC. The schooner Coquette, Galt, arrived at this port yesterday in the very short passage of 69 days from the port of Ilay, in Peru, near Africa. The Republic of Bolivar was in a very disputed state, and the opinion was very general that a revolution would break out shortly. In expectation of the event, the Peruvians were about to declare war against Bolivar, and were concentrating their forces preparatory to joining one of the revolving parties in the latter.

ANOTHER MINE ON FIRE.—We are informed that the mine of Messrs. Sees and Oliver, near Pinegrove, which took fire about a month since, continues burning with increased fury. The vein is a very large one—we believe the Mammoth vein, and consequently must prove very disastrous to the proprietors of the land, who reside in Philadelphia. The mine beyond New Castle, which we have so frequently noticed, continues burning as usual, and the craters upon the summit of the mountain are increasing in size and number.—Pottsville Register.

DONATION TO THE MONUMENT FUND.—It gives us pleasure, says the Boston Courier, to state that Judah Tauro, of New Orleans, has made a contribution of ten thousand dollars to the fund for completing the Bunker Hill monument—a draft for that amount having been received by the Treasurer of the Corporation. Mr. T. was born in Newport, R. I., is of Jewish descent, and conscientiously lives in the faith of his ancestors; yet, adds the Courier, there are few men in any country, who have done more by acts of liberality, to sustain and build up Christian churches.

WAR WITH CHINA.—Rev. Dr. Philip, the celebrated author of several popular works, has lately addressed a letter to the Secretary of War in England, on "Peace with China, or the Crisis of Christianity in Central Asia," in which he reprobates in the strongest terms, the contraband trade with China.

The Duke of Richmond, one of the first peers of England, recently made trial in propria persona of an American plough, exhibited at a cattle show at Cambridge, Eng. This is better than noble horse racing, gambling, dueling, &c.

The Royal Library at Paris, has just been enriched with a fine M. S. History of the War carried on by Louis XIV. in 1674, illustrated by beautiful maps, charts, and plans. It has also acquired 85 Bas-reliefs, nine of which are gold, and eleven silver. The whole of them are very rare, and some unique.

INSURRECTION IN TRINIDAD.—Jamaica papers to the 2d. January, received at New Orleans, mention a rumor of the rising of negroes at Trinidad. The report goes so far as to report that all the slaves located between the Venezuelan shore of the Gulf of Paria and Panama, have taken to the woods, and are collected in large bodies. It all wants confirmation however, as New Orleans is a bad channel for news from the West Indies, on these subjects.

TWO MORE MURDERS.—One was perpetrated at Exeter, Scotland, on the 11th ult. Four men, Gardener, Nash, and two others, were gambling, when a quarrel occurred concerning a lost handkerchief, each accused the other of having stolen it, from which circumstance, three of them fell on Nash. A double barrel gun was procured by Gardener, with which he pursued Nash, accompanied with the others, and when near enough, discharged both barrels at him, by which twenty shot and two balls were driven to his heart. After having killed him, they took his hat and twirled it on the gun in scindish triumph. They have all been secured.

The other was near Herculaneum, Jefferson Co., Mo. The dwelling of Mr. Van Horton was entered by three ruffians, during his absence, who bound all the inmates, and on re-awakening being offered by Mrs. V. H., shot her in the breast, inflicting a wound from which she cannot recover. The house was then sacked and robbed of \$450, and some other valuables; a horse was also stolen. Three persons have been arrested on suspicion of the crime.

THE LATE MR. GRUNDY.—Resolutions of regret for the loss of this eminent gentleman, and of respect for his learning, uprightness in professional life, and amiable and excellent qualities, were offered in the Supreme Court of the United States on Saturday, and adopted and entered on the minutes.

AGRICULTURE.—It is the silent steward of the Great Father of Nature, offering a kind of temporal omnipotence to the solicitations and wants of its inhabitants; various in its gifts—permanent in its location—reasonable in its retributions, and most just in its rewards.

EPISCOPACY AND METHODISM.—The plan suggested by Bishop Smith, of Ky., for a union of the Episcopal and Methodist denominations, has been stated also in England. Rev. Richard Hodgson, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, has published a pamphlet urging such a union, and gives a plan by which it may safely and honorably be accomplished. He proposes the creation of a Wesleyan Bishop, who shall ordain the Wesleyan ministers presenting themselves; the nomination of this bishop to be vested in the Wesleyan Conference, with a veto power in the Archbishop of Canterbury. Rev. Dr. Bunting in the Methodist who is thought most fitted for the station.—Episc. Rec.

LEGISLATIVE CHAIRMEN.—The members of the House of Representatives were greatly insulted yesterday, by a man from Oakland county, who has, unfortunately for the honor of the State, been returned to the Legislature.—The insult embodied in a resolution, directing the Clerk to inform the clergymen who act as Chairmen to the House, that they must do so without pay, and also requesting them to make their prayers half an hour before the time designated for the meeting of the House. The resolution thus insultingly presented, was promptly voted down.

It argues well for the good sense and good morals of the House, that it would not, for a moment, entertain this insolent insult. If those, entertaining principles sufficiently diabolical to dispense with daily invocations to Almighty God, have the unblinking effrontery to avow those principles, we are glad to find sufficient firmness in those who have the power to do so, to rebuke those by whom they are avowed.—Detroit Daily Advertiser.

The remains of Napoleon are now in six coffins—one of tin, a second of mahogany, a third of lead, a fourth also of lead, separated from that within it by sawdust and wedges of wood—the fifth, the sarcophagus of ebony, and the sixth, the outer case, of oak.

The American Hotel, in Pratt street, Baltimore, has become a Temperance hotel—the only one of the kind in that city.

The Boston Post states that Mr. Cunard has determined to establish a weekly line of steamers, to ply between the two continents. The new ships will be better calculated for the conveyance of freight, than the present ones.

Dr. Thomas O. H. Grosswell has held the office of postmaster at Catskill, for nearly half a century. He was appointed in 1792, under the administration of General Washington.

The Rev. David Patten, of Boston, long the Principal of the Wesleyan Seminary at Wilbraham, Mass. has been appointed President of the Centenary Methodist College at Clinton, Miss.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Law, Rev. E. S. Potter, of Springfield, Ms. and Miss C. H. Chapman, of Hartford.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Cyrus Noyes, to Miss Louisa Leister, both of Springfield, Mass.

In Litchfield, on the 31 inst., Mr. John McMahon, of Goshen, to Miss Flora Hayden, daughter of Mr. Canfield Hayden.

In Stratford, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Weed, Mr. Asa Seymour Curtis, to Miss Mary Curtis, all of Stratford.

In Burlington, on the 21st ult., by Rev. John M. Timmons, Mr. Ralph R. Brooks, of Burlington, to Miss Margaret S., daughter of S. S. Anderson, Esq., of Marion, South Carolina.

DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst., Mrs. Delia, wife of Mr. Joseph Weeks, and daughter of David and Clarissa Birge, of Windsor, aged 29.

In Middletown, on the 6th inst., Mr. Joseph Cornwell, aged 74.

In Franklin, Ct., on Sunday, 31st ult., of consumption, Miss Lydia Champlin, aged 25.

In Durham, on the 6th inst., Mrs. Eunice P. Robinson, Esq., P. M., of that place.

In Milford, Mr. Beards Baldwin, aged 70.

In Fairfield, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Eudetta, wife of Jeremiah F. Denison, M. D., aged 33.

In Danbury, on the 27th ult., Mr. William Wood, aged 30.

Receipts for the week ending Feb. 17.

D. Grover, 6 00; R. Brady, 2 00; S. B. Kendall, 1 00; Randall Wright, 1 83; L. B. Ward, 4 00; Stephen Page, 2 00; J. Rogers, 1 75; Mansfield White, 50; Joseph L. Adams, 2 00.

NOTICE.—A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the "Conn. Literary Institution" will be held at the Conference room of the First Baptist Church in Hartford, on Tuesday, the 24 day of March, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to act upon the proposals for the erection of a new building at Suffield. Feb. 18, 1841. ALBERT DAY, PRST.

POETRY.

For the Christian Secretary.

The Lamentation.

"We are not saved."—Jer. 8, 20.

"Not saved!" "not saved!" ah shall it ring
Upon the troubled ear?
And agony and anguish bring—
Remorse, and keen despair?
Shall we take up the sad lament,
In sorrow's dark abode,
For mercy slighted, kindly sent
To turn our hearts to God?

"Not saved!" when God's almighty power
Has undertaken our part?
And when His Spirit hovers o'er,
To bless the contrite heart?
When melting Mercy points the way
To bliss above the sky?
When Jesus left the realms of day,
To suffer, and to die!

"Not saved!" when invitations true
Are scattered all around?
When angels strike their lyres anew
Where broken hearts are found?
And seraph music floats above—
Reechoing thro' the skies,
If souls accept of dying love—
And joys of Paradise!

"Not saved!" when God inclines His ear,
And listens to our call,
Regards the simple—humble prayer,
When we before Him fall?
Extends His arm to our relief,
And sheds His heavenly light,
And beats the bosom wrung with grief,
Directs the footsteps right!

"Not saved!" when nature's living voice
Is wafted all abroad,
And with her thousand tongues rejoice
To praise her Maker, God,
Inviting man to look away
To fairer fields above,
To fruits and flowers which ne'er decay,
And taste Redeeming Love!

"Not saved!" when prayers ascend the skies—
Rich legacies of love,
Petition on petition rise
Before the courts above,
That we may end the fatal strife
And lay our weapons down,
Accept of God eternal life,
To wear an heavenly crown!

"Not saved!" when countless tear-drops fall
From mother's streaming eyes,
When dearest brother's fondly call
When sister's griefs arise!
"Not saved!" alas! then ours the doom;
And ours the keen despair!
Where sympathy can never come,
Nor Mercy lingers there!

Hardford Feb. 5th, 1841.

JUSTITIA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Observer.

Gone, but not lost.

Just above the Highlands, the Hudson is widened into what is called Newburgh Bay; it is a beautiful expanse of water resting against the hills, as if it had gathered itself up for strength before it burst away through the mountain barriers into the sea. On the eastern shore as it slopes towards the bay, is a church and churchyard, as delightfully planted for prospect as any on the banks of this river. It was in this graveyard that I first met, on a tombstone, the inscription that stands at the head of these lines, and the scene and the associations render the mention of the circumstances suitable.

"Gone, but not lost." It was the tribute of affection and faith. It expressed in simple but graphic words the sad truth that one was gone, and also the sublime assurance that the departed was not lost.

Was it a fact? I confess it started me at first. A few months since and the one whose grave I was standing by, had lived and moved, and filled perhaps a little space in a wide circle of friends. But the place was now vacant, the outer man had been sent to fall day by day, death finished the work, the grave covered it up, the worms had their prey. And not lost! not lost! I reasoned a moment before I could be satisfied that the epitaph was not (like most epitaphs) mere rhetoric.

A broad and beautiful stream was before me. Its waters were rolling silently but steadily on towards the mighty sea. They are here—they are gone—never, never to return. Are they lost? Every drop is there, as pure and perennial as when gliding at my feet.

A white sailed vessel was just entering the gap of the Highlands, the summer breeze freshened, and bore it out of view. It was gone, but it was not lost.

The star that "melts away into the light of heaven" when the brighter sun rises on the world, or the star that goes down behind the western hills, or the sun itself that sets in glory, is gone, but to shine again with equal or brighter lustre. It is not lost. Not a ray of its living light has perished.

A holy man, in the early ages of the world, walked with God, and "was not," for God took him. He was gone. The places that knew him once knew him no more. But he was not lost. He lived, he yet lives.

A certain prophet of the Lord was walking with another whom he tenderly loved, and suddenly there "appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." And Elijah saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horses thereof. And he saw him no more. He was gone, but not lost.

A disconsolate female came to the grave of her best beloved friend, and she saw that his precious remains were gone, she cried, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." She thought in her sorrow, as most of the bereaved are wont to think, that she had lost her all, when one stood before her and said "Mary," and the joy of life from the dead burst in rapture on her soul. It was the voice of her beloved. She had found her Lord. He was gone, but not lost.

This was a natural, if not a profitable train of thought. A believer writes this inscription over the ashes of a departed saint. Day by day disease wears away the tabernacle of clay; by and by death dashes in pieces the "golden bowl" and the wheel at the cistern stands still. But the freed spirit starts into new existence before the eternal throne, and like an angel of light leaps in gladness and glory unutterable and inconceivable. And is that saint lost? In a diamond mine is found a clod of earth that contains a gem of great price. It is taken from him that found it and polished for him who owns the mine and all its gems, and now it sparkles on the bosom of the queen, or shines radiantly in the royal coronet. Is that jewel lost? And if the Monarch of the Universe could find in the darkness of this lower world, gems that infinite skill can polish for his use, shall we count them lost when he makes up his jewels and takes them to himself? If he should send for these little ones that are this moment laughing in the innocence of their young hearts at my feet, and set them as stars in his crown, shall I break my heart with grief as if my children were lost. So Payson reasoned. I asked a friend whom I met after long separation,—"How many children have you?" "Two here," said he, "and one in heaven." He would not reckon lost the one first found and saved. He was right. Of such is the kingdom.

They are not lost who die in Christ. They live and reign and rejoice in the midst of the throne and the Lamb. Then "weep ye not for the dead," as though they were lost. They are safe where danger, disease or death will never reach them. In the hope of a joyful resurrection commit their ashes to their kindred dust, and write over them, "Gone, but not lost."

IRENEUS.

The Nobility of Labor.

So material do I deem this—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why then in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily had it so pleased the Great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machine for producing all that man wants.

The motion of the globe on its axis might have been going forward, without man's aid, houses might have risen like an exaltation,

With the proud sword
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sound
Built like a temple:

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them and soft couches, and luxuriant banquet, spread by hands unseen; and man clad with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather imperial purple might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces; "Fortunate had been the scene ordained for us in human life!" But where then, tell me had been human energy, perseverance, patience and heroism?

Cut off labor with one blow from the world, and mankind has sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that the rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore bed and forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating is better than the things themselves, because exertion is nobler than enjoyment, because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance of human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down.

What do I say? It is broken down, and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built again—here, if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it, because they must.

Many submit to it as some sort of a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing on earth so much as to escape it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten as a chosen, coveted field of improvement.

But so is he not compelled to do under our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the abused and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and in feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

As I am to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dust labor field; of thy hard hand scarred with service, more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather stained garment, on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, fire and steam—her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is a treason to nature—it is impiety to heaven—it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil either of the brain, of the heart, of the hand—it is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.—Rev. Dr. Decey.

"I will Think about it."

Well, that is better than nothing; for thought often begets feeling, feeling conviction, conviction conversion, and conversion leads to God.

You will think about it! And is that all you will do? Had you mountains of gold or hills of silver, they would be lighter than vanity, when balanced against the value of the soul. Its price is above rubies, whether it is measured by the cost of its redemption, the eternity of its duration, or its boundless capacities of pleasure or pain.

Had you half a million at stake, and it were doubtful whether you would gain or lose it, would you do nothing but think about it? Or were you invited by an angel to spend next week in heaven, there to eat of the tree, and drink of the water of life, there to behold uncreated glory, and sing the "new song," would you do nothing more? You have more than half or a million at stake; and the probability is that you will lose all. Next week you may be a glorified spirit or a spirit lost; and all you will do is to think about it!

Felix did just so. He thought while Paul preached—he thought after he sent him away—

and he thinks still. O, could you hear him think—"How have I hated instruction and despised reproof!"

And so did the rich young man. Christ told him to sell what he had—to give to the poor, and follow him. But he thought of his mortality—of his money and went away sorrowful. He went away to think, and he is thinking yet.

And there was another rich man who thought. He thought about his farms and his fruits—of pulling down his small barns and building greater. He thought of much goods, and of many years—of ease, of eating, and drinking, and being merry. And he thought of his soul just enough to promise it what was not his own—just as Satan promised Jesus. And God thought too. He thought to call him a fool, and to demand his soul that very night.

And you will think about it! I know you will. But when? While it is an accepted time, and a day of salvation? While God calls, Christ invites, the Spirit strives, and conscience warns—while

"Mercy is found, and peace is given!"

When? When disease has turned your cheek pale; dimmed the lustre of your eye, weakened, if not destroyed your mind, and is fast cutting the cords of life?

You will think about it! I know it. And I wish you to do it while thought may be of some avail. A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new home. Not at all, was his reply. Are you not clothed and fed as well here? Yes, better. Is your labor harder? No, not so hard. Are you not treated with kindness? Yes. Then why not like it? Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table and sit and think. I go about my work all day to think. And at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think! think! think!!! and I cannot endure it.

Ah! he should have thought, before an iron necessity compelled him to do so. And so should you think seasonably, and act too. It will be sad thinking in the prison of despair.

"Death at the farthest can't be far;

Ah! think before thou die."

[Vi. Chron.

Scene in a Christian Family.

I was about to enter into a dwelling-place which had been consecrated to the most high God. I knew that from the family altar beneath this roof, sweeter than the perfumed breath of morning, arises the early incense of grateful hearts, to Israel's sleepless watchmen, and more precious than the balmy air of evening, went forth the nightly oration. But he whose voice had offered up the devotions of the household was far away, where, though he doubtless often prayed for those he loved, he might not with them blend his supplications.

The door was ajar, and I gently entered, for I heard in a soft voice the tone of prayer. One step farther, and my eye rested on the group within, and oh, it was a lovely sight I saw! In the centre of the room a table was laid, upon which was spread the yet untasted morning repast, and on which, also, lay the precious book which contained the bread of life. On one side of the room knelt the mother. The bloom of youth had not yet departed from her cheek, and her brow was fair and placid, but, fairer than all, there rested on her countenance the meek loveliness of devotion. The low tones of her voice were soft and touching; but sweeter than all, there breathed from her lips the earnestness of prayer. Next her mother, by a low stool, knelt a dark eyed girl of two years; her hands were still, but the restless tossing of her eye, and moving of her head, showed that nothing but the solemnity of prayer restrained her in silence. A little farther from the mother were a curly haired girl and manly boy; their heads rested on their hands, and no motion or sound escaped them, save the soft breathing of their breath. A servant girl, with a babe in her arms, completed the group, and even this little one seemed charmed into stillness by the music of his mother's voice.

I listened to the words of the mother. She offered thanks for mercies past, and implored future blessings. She invoked Almighty assistance, that a mother's duties might be well performed, and children dwell together in unity; that all beneath that roof might live alone to God. She paused, and then besought the blessing of God upon the absent husband and father—the tones of her voice were tremulous, as she said, "We know not his condition"—but again she spoke in the fullness of truth, "We commend him to thy hands." She remembered the widow and the fatherless, and besought that Jehovah's will be done on earth, and his holy name be glorified for ever.

As the little ones arose from their knees, they cast upon their mother looks of confidence and affection, for they could feel that Jehovah was their mother's as well as father's God, and he the constant guardian of the family.

Christian wife and mother, the scene which I have portrayed is no fancy sketch, but a true pencilling from life. Wilt thou go and do likewise? I. B. M.

[Christian Watchman.

RULES OF LIVING.—Hugh Peters, an English preacher of the seventeenth century, left as a Legacy to his daughter, in the year 1660, some "Rules of Living," of which other persons would reap the benefit, if they would conform to his excellent standard.

"Whoever would live long and blessedly, let him observe these following rules, by which he shall attain to that which he desireth:

Let thy Thoughts	be divine, lawful, godly.
Talk	—little, honest, true.
Works	—profitable, holy, charitable.
Manners	—grave, courteous, cheerful.
Diet	—temperate, convenient, frugal.
Apparel	—sober, neat, comely.
Will	—confiant, obedient, ready.
Sleep	—moderate, quiet, seasonable.
Prayers	—short, devout, often, fervent.
Recreation	—lawful, brief, seldom.
Memory	—of death, punishment, glory."

RECEIVING CHRIST.—A soul may truly go to Christ, though with a trembling heart; and may truly receive Christ, though with a trembling hand.—Pike.

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Nov. 13, 1840. 35

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Dated at Berlin the 18th day of Jan. 1841. [46

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